The Sketch

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"THEY ALSO SERVE . . ."—MESS STEWARDS IN CHINTZ INCLUDE THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER.

A gay short chintz coat is worn by the Officers' Mess stewards of the A.T.S. Training Centre, Southern Command, instead of the usual white coat or tunic. This photograph was taken earlier in the A.T.S. career of MISS MARY CHURCHILL, *who now wears the stripe of a lance-corporal. The other Mess stewards with her include* MISS JUDY MONTAGU.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Nowhere To Go. If this New Year is not exactly "happy," it is at least a world's record. For the first time in history, the entire terrestrial globe is at war—at least, there *may* be parts of the earth which are still lapped in peace. But it is not easy to think of them. Once upon a time, in our moments of weariness, we have almost envied the small European nations which had surrendered their ambitions for "power" and were content with a quiet life and a back seat. Well, they've gone. Then we have sometimes dreamed of an earthly paradise in the South Seas and thought how pleasant it would be to spend half the day basking on the beach and the other half lotus-eating "in the shade of the sheltering palm." No health-resorts in the South Seas nowadays—the shells you gather on the beach are apt to be of a high-explosive kind, and instead of having coconuts thrown at you by monkeys you are liable to have bombs thrown at you by apes with wings! The Esquimaux? Well, there is war in the Arctic, and although an igloo does bear some resemblance to an Anderson Shelter, I should not fancy it in an air raid or a tank attack.

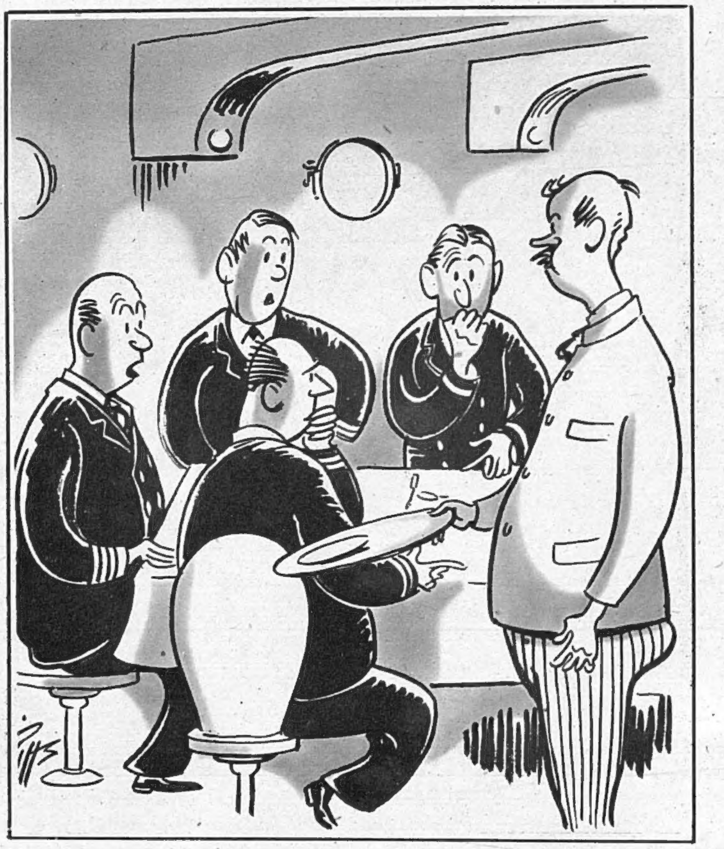
"Now this new cream is marvellous, Moddom. It gets right under your skin and pushes!"

DRAWN BY HYNES.

The Ideology Pest. I have my eye on the forests of Brazil for a post-war retreat from the blessings of civilisation; but there are difficulties. The climate, I understand, is not salubrious, and, unless you are very tough, you are apt to be stung to death by insects, bitten to pieces by jaguars or crocodiles, or shot to bits by savages. On the whole, I prefer the horrors of war; and, anyhow, I doubt whether one could get away from politics. By this time, the natives of the jungle are probably wearing black, brown, blue or red shirts—they have always had a nice eye for colour—and they are doubtless seething with ideologies. Ah, those ideologies! What joy, if we ever get back to a few *ideas* and *principles*, not to mention a spot or two of common sense and live-and-let-live, and pile all the -ologies in a heap and make a glorious bonfire of them! I fear I don't see any prospect of it at present, and, after mature reflection, I have come to the conclusion (in the form of a New Year Resolution) that the only way to escape the troubles of this world is to migrate to Mars. The day we get rid of -ologies, there will be just one left in which we can all join—the Doxology!

The Long Spoon. We have heard recently of the "colossal blunder" of spiking oneself wantonly on the "bloody prop" (I don't quite get the point of that prop, Mr. Prime Minister, and I hope Uncle Joe won't think it rather rude). I wonder whether Hitler, with his famous instincts and hunches and inspired judgments, has not made an even more colossal blunder than the prop blunder? I wonder if he quite realises what he has done in letting loose all the barbarian forces of the East upon the West? This is not the first time that the yellow hordes have gone up and down, like Beelzebub, seeking whom they may devour, but it may be that their incursion into this war is the most momentous aspect of the entire conflict, opening up a whole new chapter in human history. It is ironical to recall that it was a predecessor of Hitler's as Führer—that same sabre-rattling Kaiser who called upon his troops in China to emulate "Attila and his Huns"—it was he who used to send shivers down German spines by his jeremiads about the Yellow Peril. I wonder if this Führer, who is only another Kaiser with more brains and less moustache, has quite realised what that Peril may be for Germany as for the rest of the Western World? He who sups with the devil must bring a long spoon—and even his spoon may not prevent him falling in the soup.

Beak and Claw. Meanwhile, American soil violated! The Monroe Doctrine torn up and flung in the face of a hundred and thirty million people who, for more than a century, have regarded it as the Ark of the Covenant! I, for one, have not fully grasped the magnitude of this event. Knowing something of the United States—and I have been, at one time and another, in thirty-two out of those forty-eight States—I just cannot picture, as yet, the enormous revolution which this means in American life and thought. Of one thing, however, I am certain—that when it comes to a real threat to national security, the United States *are* united, in spite of all their bewildering diversities. There again I wonder whether there has not been a "colossal blunder." I wonder whether Hitler, who understands nothing about America, or the Yellow Man, who, with his poker-cunning, thinks he understands all about it, quite realises what a power he is raising against himself? If he miscalculated about the hug of the Bear, it seems to me he also miscalculates about the beak and the talons of the Eagle. America will make her mistakes and suffer her reverses, and she will have to learn by bitter experience the diabolical arts of total warfare, but ultimately she will suffer anything and make any sacrifice before she yields up democracy to Fascism. Democracy is a much-abused word over there, but it undoubtedly represents a real faith and religion.



"Someone 'as used the pudden for a depth-charge, Sir!"

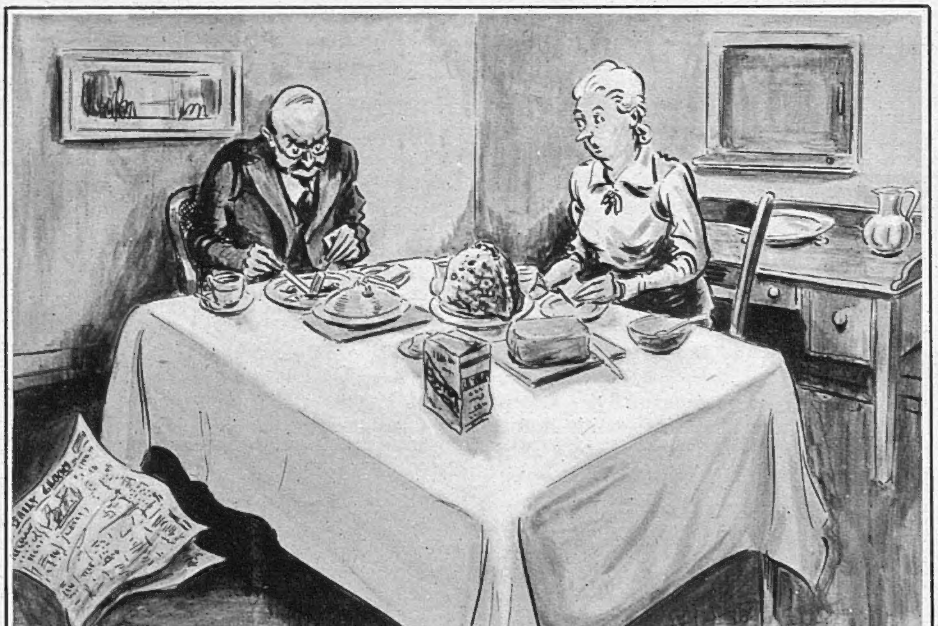
DRAWN BY PITTS.

Guilty Men. Poor Mr. Roosevelt has a heavy responsibility for this new and grievous wrong to Germany. There were people over here, and even people in America, who said that he was hanging back "short of war," and showing a tendency to be "too proud to fight." Now it appears—we have the Führer's word for it—that he has been the villain of the piece from the first, the Arch-Warmonger of the lot! Mr. Churchill, as a warmonger, is now a mere also-ran. Why, it was Roosevelt who even incited Poland to its wicked threats and aggressions against peace-loving Germany! And, of course, it was Mr. Roosevelt who always egged Britain on to reject Germany's extended hand of friendship—on the ridiculous pretext that there was a bomb up the sleeve! What a lot of warmongers there are about

the place, all with an unreasonable spite against the Nazis! It makes one's heart bleed to think how the whole world has wilfully misunderstood these pure-souled peacemakers. And yet posterity, I shrewdly suspect, will remain equally blind and obstinate, and whereas men used to say "Blessed are the peacemakers," they will be misguided enough to cry, in years to come, "Blessed were the warmongers!"

A Pearl of Great Price. I should not be surprised to hear that Ribbentrop had discovered secret documents which proved conclusively that the Warmonger President had staged the little incident in Pearl Harbour, bombing his own warships with his own aeroplanes, in order to invent a case against the guileless Japanese. Your real, determined, unscrupulous warmonger is quite capable of things like that—we all know that both Churchill and Roosevelt have, ere now, sunk their own ships in order to bring undeserved odium on the chivalrous German nation. The sceptical, however, will continue to reflect on Pearl Harbour, and they may think it a melancholy sign of the times that we can take an atrocity of this kind—surely unexampled in history as a piece of pure treachery—with comparative calmness. We denounce it, we use up our adjectives on it, we are horrified by it when we contemplate it coldly; but we have received so many shocks of the same kind from Axis morality that we accept this incredible outrage as an ordinary incident of modern warfare. When we claim, as we certainly can claim, that never in any circumstances could we be capable of such an act, I suppose our enemies regard this as the self-righteousness of hypocrites and weaklings. I would suggest that, on the contrary, it is just one of those moral factors which, did these cynics but know it, are bound to win in the end. The cynic, said Oscar Wilde, is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. You may know the price of an immediate advantage, but if you do not know the ultimate value of fundamental decency, then, in war as in peace, you are a lost soul.

Malice Prepense. I do not think I should care to be an Isolationist or an ex-Isolationist in America at present. When America goes patriotic, she goes very patriotic indeed, and she does not easily tolerate dissentient voices. I doubt not that many Isolationists will now become the most ardent of patriots, but it may be a little difficult for them to explain some of their past utterances. Colonel Lindbergh, for example, may be hard put to it to explain why the Germany which had such friendly intentions towards America should have declared war on her; and, in view of Pearl Harbour, even Senator Wheeler may find it difficult to contend that Mr. Roosevelt drove his country into war with Japan. However, it is wonderful what enormities Mr. Roosevelt *is* capable of. We still affect kid gloves in our political differences, and many people in England have little notion of the passionate opposition which Mr. Roosevelt faces from his political enemies. This remarkable man has had to combat political fanaticism throughout nine years of ceaseless strife, and the skill and patience with which he has surmounted it is one of the marvels of political history.



WIFE: "My dear, I'm sure if you would only eat your egg and bacon before you glance at the paper, they'd taste quite all right."

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

Captain of His Soul.

I doubt whether there is any exact parallel to F.D.R. Unlike Abraham Lincoln, who failed in almost everything until he became President, Mr. Roosevelt had an easy, straightforward passage, without failure but without special distinction, until middle-life. He was then stricken down by a calamity which would have finished most men's careers. When told the medical verdict, he is reported to have said: "It is ridiculous to tell me that a grown man can be defeated by a child's disease." Wrecked in body, he became an entirely different man in mind. All sorts of men, especially in the arts, have achieved great things in spite of physical handicaps—in fact, it is difficult to find a completely "good life" among famous artists. Men in perfect health do not particularly desire to "create" or express themselves—they are content with living. But in public life, with all its anxieties and wear-and-tear, I cannot think of any other man who has borne such enormous responsibilities as Mr. Roosevelt under such a tremendous physical disability. He is an example for all time of a homely adage which used to cause me considerable irritation when I heard it, all too often, from maternal lips: "If you never do what you can't, you'll never do what you can."

Men of the Moment. There is one noteworthy feature about the dynasty of American Presidents, now thirty-two in number and a hundred and fifty years old. Regarded as the best men which the nation could produce to govern and direct it—and they have enormous personal power—they have, on the average, hardly lived up to what the Constitution intended. Wrong 'uns have been few, though there have been several even of those; but mediocrities, in the shape of "good, safe Party men," have been many—too many. But it cannot be mere chance that whenever America has been faced with a real crisis in her history, she always seems to have produced the man of the moment. Washington and Lincoln—we have shown what we think of them in England by putting up statues to them, one in the shadow of Nelson and the other outside the Mother of Parliaments. Wilson—there are not many statues to him; but if he was a failure, he was a noble failure. And when the American nation broke all tradition and elected Franklin Roosevelt for a third term, they did so because they knew that he was the man for the greatest moment of all.

Discipline!

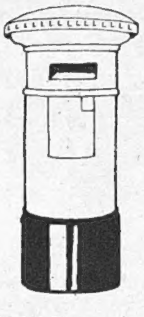
DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

Roll On!

Well, in these end-of-the-year thoughts I seem to have turned away from the Home Front for a space and looked westwards. I make no apology, because as the New Year comes in and all the greater bells are silenced in our hushed land, the little Motley bells too mute their tinkle; and also because I believe that the real solidarity of the English-speaking world should be our solemn resolution for this and all New Years to come. For my New Year greeting to friends on both sides of the Pond let me borrow that moving final toast from "Cavalcade": "Let's drink to the spirit of gallantry and courage that made a strange Heaven out of unbelievable Hell, and let's drink to the hope that one day this country of ours, which we love so much, will find dignity and greatness and peace again." In that hope, roll on 1942!

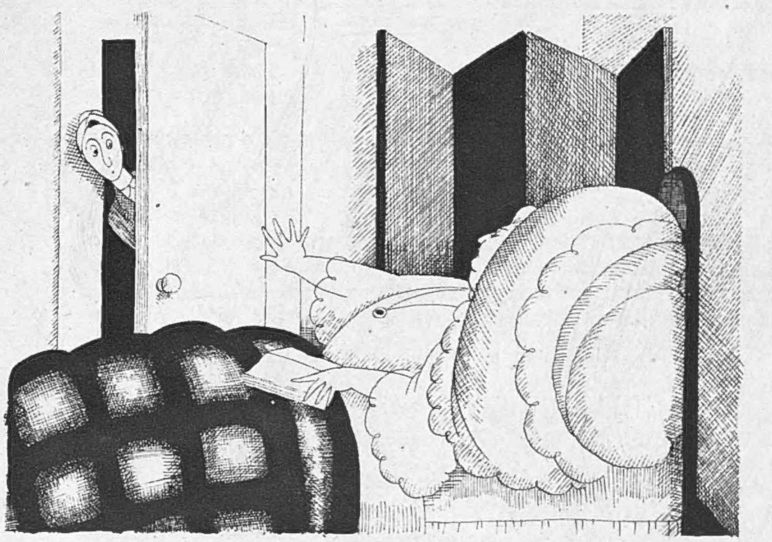
Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



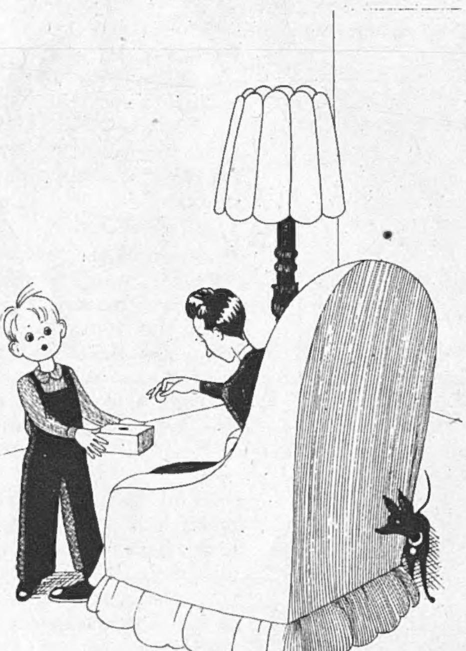
MY DEAR ROBERT—Neither Bill nor the Linnet got home for Christmas this year, and Lady B., who always dines with us on Christmas Day, was in bed with a cold, poor darling, so Charles and I decided to give Evensong the night off, and have a quiet Cottage Pie. On Christmas morning I gave Charles a pair of sock - suspenders, and he gave me a pair of nail-scissors. We thanked each other gravely, and went to our respective tasks as usual. Matins had given herself the morning off, and people are always iller than usual on Christmas Day. Charles rushed in for lunch, and rushed out again twenty minutes later with a set expression on his face.

In the afternoon I went to see Lady B., who wouldn't let me into her room because of germs, so I came home and did some weeding, and had tea in the kitchen afterwards. Then I lit the fire in the drawing-room, did the black-out all over the house and sat down with my knitting. At six o'clock there was a lot of scuffling and scrunching on the path outside, and some children began singing carols. We get a lot of carols here, most of them squeaked hurriedly through the letter-box, but these were real carols, sung by a lot of children with a grown-up in charge.



"Lady B. wouldn't let me into her room."

"God Rest You Merrie, Gentlemen," they sang in their clear, sweet voices, and very nearly in tune. After that, we had "Once in Royal David's City," and "No-well, No-well." A very small child came in with the collecting-box, and, deeply moved by their performance, I gave, as they say, generously. When Charles came home he found me sitting in the dark, blowing my nose.



"A very small child came in with the collecting-box."

"You're not getting a cold, are you?" he said, rather crossly, as he switched on the lights. "Hullo!" he said, peering at me closely, "what's going on here?"

"It was the carols," I muttered.

"But carols oughtn't to make you sad."

"Well, these did. There is so little, so very little peace and good will in the world just now, Charles."

Charles patted me kindly on the shoulder. "Not the international sort, perhaps. Plenty of individual good will," he said. "And now go and put that Cottage Pie in the oven. I'm hungry."

When I got back, I found Charles surrounded by a great many strange bottles. He handed me a glass of pale amber-coloured liquid. "Drink that," he said. "It'll get you where you live."

I took a sip. "Charles!" I said. "What ever is it made of?"

"Remnants," said Charles, with an airy wave of the hand towards the imposing array of bottles on the piano. "How does it taste?"

"Potent, but nice."

"Good. Have another."

"Thank you, Charles."

"You know, Henrietta," said Charles, as he refilled his glass and mine, "even if we can buy the ingredients, we shall never be able to have this drink again, because I can't remember how I made it. It is gone for ever, like the Lost Chord. 'It may be that only in heav'n . . .'" he sang in a throaty tenor.

"Damn Hitler!" I said loudly.

"Hear, hear!" said Charles. "And the Japs."

"And Musso, and Laval."

"May their black hearts break."

"And God bless the King."

"The King!"

"And the Queen."

"Wait a minute, Old Girl, while I fill up my glass. Now then. And the Queen, God bless her! And the little Princesses and the new little Prince."

"Absent Friends, Charles."

"Absent Friends, coupled with the names of Bill and Linnet Brown," said Charles.

"And the Americans."

"Your glass is empty, Henrietta. May I give you a little more?"

"Thank you, Charles. Just a drop. I find your mixture delicious, but a trifle strong."

"There you are. Now, where were we?"

"The Americans."

"Good luck to them."

"And the Choles and Pecks."

Charles gave me a keen look. "The Poles and Czechs, and all our other allies," he said firmly, and brought our toasting to a timely end.

"'And the Choles and the Pecks.'"

"I feel better," I said.

"That was the idea," said Charles modestly.

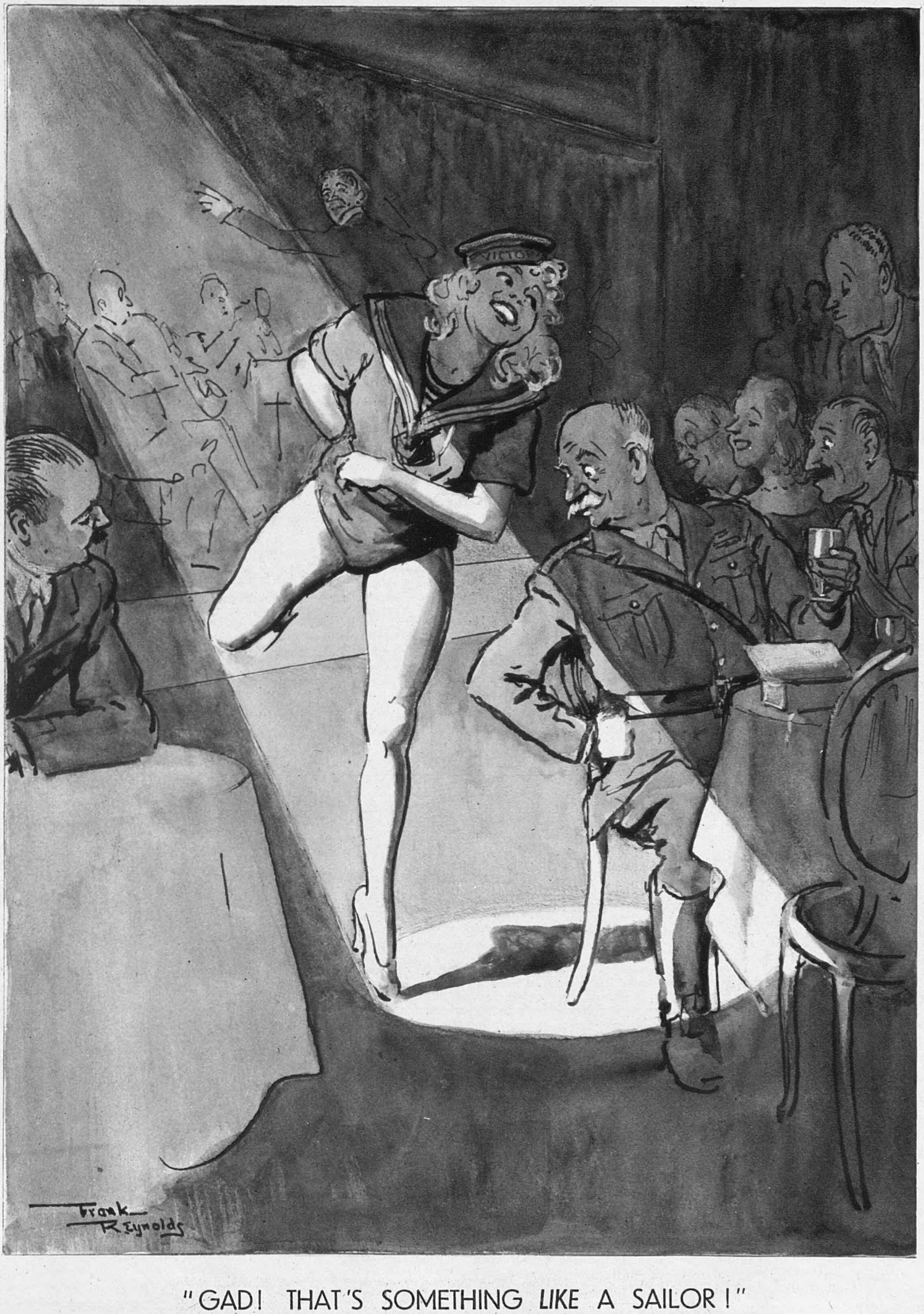
"A Merry Christmas, Charles."

"The same to you, Henrietta."

We went in to dinner arm-in-arm, and Charles said it was the most delicious Cottage Pie he had ever had in his life.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



"GAD! THAT'S SOMETHING *LIKE* A SAILOR!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

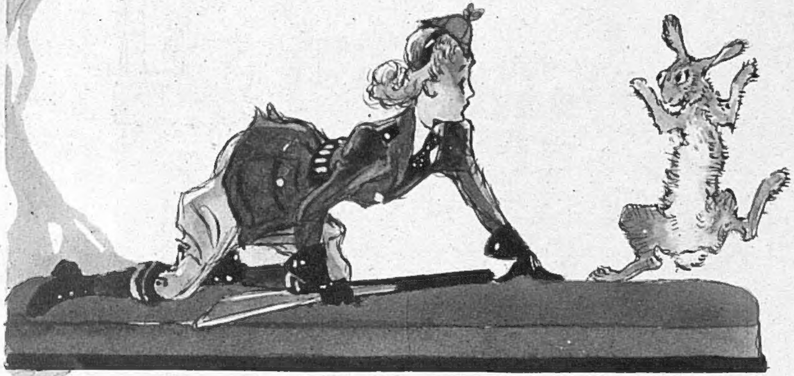
EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

CRÈME D'ORGE.

Sprig of parsley. 2 marrow-bones. $4\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water. 1 onion.
1 potato. 2 carrots. 2 oz. pearl barley.
1 turnip. Celery. $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of milk. Salt.

Remove the marrow from two bones (butchers sometimes have bones they are glad to get rid of for a few pence) and cover them with four-and-a-half pints of water, adding one onion, a potato, two carrots, a small sprig of parsley, one small turnip and, if possible, a piece of celery.

Boil for two hours. Remove from the fire, strain off into a bowl, and leave in a cool place for twenty-four hours. When ready to use, remove the grease which has formed on the top of the consommé, and reboil for a further half-hour, with 2 oz. of pearl barley and salt to taste. Strain, add $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of milk, and serve in cups.



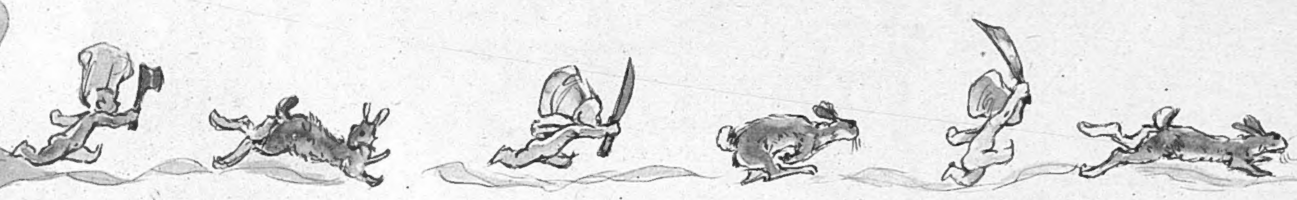
LAPIN AU PAPRIKA.

1 rabbit. 1 onion.
3 oz. of margarine. 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour.
Paprika powder. Water.
Salt. Pepper.

Remove the liver, heart and kidneys from a skinned rabbit, and cut the animal into four or five pieces. Dust lightly with salt and pepper each individual piece, and fry them with a chopped-up onion until the onion is nicely browned. Transfer into a deep saucepan, cover with water, and leave to simmer for one hour.

Meanwhile, prepare the following sauce: 2 oz. of margarine mixed with three dessertspoonfuls of flour and three teacupfuls of the stock in which the rabbit has boiled. Add a teaspoonful of salt and paprika powder to taste (about two dessertspoonfuls should be enough, but the strength of the powder varies somewhat).

Arrange the rabbit in a fireproof dish, pour over the sauce, and leave in a medium oven for twenty minutes. Serve with boiled or mashed potatoes.



BOUCHÉE CHASSEUR.

Marrow from the bones. Salt.
Liver, heart and kidneys from rabbit. Pepper.

You now have the marrow from the bones and the liver, heart and kidneys from the rabbit with which to make a savoury ending to your dinner, so put the offal into water which is already boiling, and leave until the liver, when pricked with a fork, no longer bleeds. Allow it to cool off in the water.

Melt the marrow over a low fire, and when liquid, leave to harden, off the flame.

Chop and pass through a fine sieve the liver, heart and kidneys, add salt and pepper and the marrow, and beat thoroughly with a wooden spoon until a smooth paste is obtained. The pâté may either be eaten cold on toast, or spread on lightly-toasted bread and heated up under the grill.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

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WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

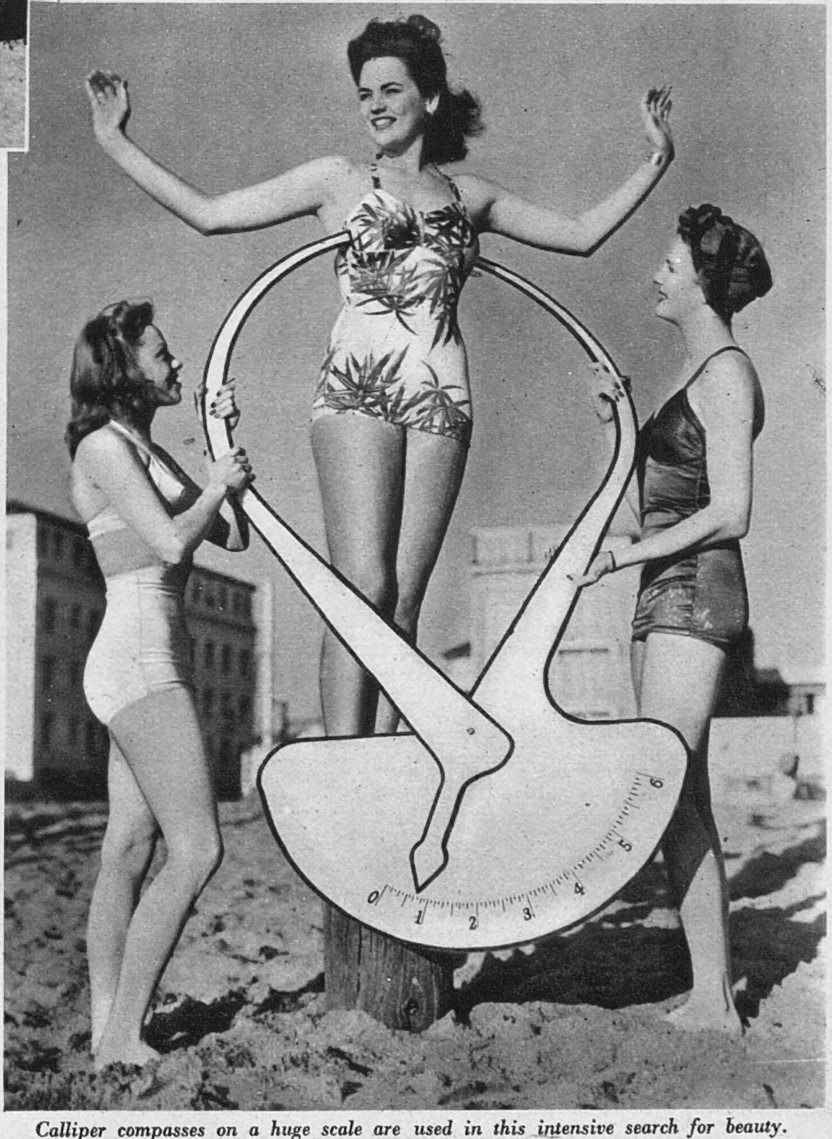
THESE CALIFORNIAN VENUSES, for proving transcendental curves to be a matter of pure geometry.

The contour testers of Venice, California, use the Figure-ometer to record the outline of HELENA BRINTON. JUANITA COLTEAUX *(standing, left) enters the measurements on a chart, and other recruits wait their turn.*

Movie cameramen record the overall measurements of a VENICE MODEL *standing behind the Shadowgraph. This is another device evolved by these judges for sorting out the shapeliest among the candidates.*

IN the selection of a "streamlined corps of Venice Venuses," the beauty judges of Venice, California, use the most thorough methods. The minutest measurements, comparisons and variations are recorded, and amazing and amusing devices have been invented to solve this geometrical problem of curve and line. The solutions offered on this page seem to have every chance of success, judged from a purely lay standpoint!

Weight is a vital point. MORINE HOWELL *(left) and* LADELL YORK *sit in the scales against each other, while* DOROTHY GARDNER, JANE ELLISON *and* JUDITH WOODBURY *queue up for places.*



Calliper compasses on a huge scale are used in this intensive search for beauty. Earl Carroll beauties LORRAINE CLARK *(left) and* HELEN O'HARA *are measuring their partner,* DOROTHY FORD.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE New Gallery, I suppose, will again be the Mecca of parents with children to entertain these Christmas holidays. The new Disney Christmas annual is out, and it 's called "DUMBO," and proves to be the simple, gaudy, straightforward sort of thing that children expect from Disney, without any disturbing innovations. Dumbo is a baby elephant, an innocent, blue-eyed baby born to a gentle veteran of the circus. The film opens with his arrival by stork, Mrs. Jumbo's joy at unwrapping the little bundle, the "coos" and admiring whispers of the other elephant matrons, their gushing "Isn't he cute?"; "Isn't he a darling?" as he waves his tiny trunk and rubs the everywhere out of his eyes.

Then comes the shock. Dumbo is a darling, but he is a freak. He has vast, flapping, ludicrous ears. His mother folds those great ears round him and rocks him to sleep very lovingly, but the other matrons titter behind their trunks and turn away markedly. Rude boys laugh at him, and Mrs. Jumbo, running berserk in defence, is locked up in solitary confinement as a Mad Elephant. Baby days which should be happy for Dumbo are now one big tragedy. He is lonely, cold-shouldered, a disgrace to the pachyderms. The circus manager, a foreigner and a hard man, makes him a circus clown. Rarely, and only through the bars of her travelling van, is he able to see his mother. Tears trickle out of his big blue eyes, and there will be a tear or two from the audience as well, if I 'm not very much mistaken.

"Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (Regal) is a comedy which America hails as "one of the most astounding stories ever filmed." It concerns a light-heavyweight and the unseen world, but it would spoil your enjoyment and surprise to reveal more of the plot. CLAUDE RAINS *plays Mr. Jordan, while* ROBERT MONTGOMERY *as Joe Pendleton is the boxer in love with Bette Logan* (EVELYN KEYES).

But gentle mothers can comfort their children here. Trust Disney. It will all come right. A friendly mouse, not Mickey, but one Timothy Q. Mouse, a kind-hearted vulgarian, champions the little elephant's cause. He makes plans for his future, becomes his mentor and friend. He conceives the great idea that those freak ears may be of some use after all. With the help of a company of crows, he teaches Dumbo to fly. And to everybody's intense delight, the great night comes when the outcast elephant turns the tables on his tormentors. Zooming down from the roof of the "big top," he panics the roustabouts, the audience, and the wicked manager, and, as a final joyous touch, dive-bombs the Nasty Elephants with pea-nuts. The film ends triumphantly with Dumbo as the pride of the circus world, his happy mother travelling in a *de luxe* streamlined van, and Timothy Q. Mouse, the prodigy's manager, making the cover of what looks remarkably like *Time* magazine.

Joe Pendleton wins his fight. Lefty (in shirt-sleeves) is played by DON COSTELLO.

The film is no "Snow White," but most people will find it a satisfactory, occasionally brilliant, little show. It has, perhaps, its doubtful passages. I am not quite sure about the ballet of pink elephants that Dumbo and Timothy Q. see when they have drunk water out of a bucket laced with champagne. I didn't care much for the pink elephants myself, and I fancy this is a scene in which Disney might have curbed his exuberance with advantage. But the opening scenes are superb, with their squadrons of messenger storks, the bustling little locomotive hurrying the circus through the rain, the roustabouts in their vivid shirts and dungarees pitching the "big top."

I liked the gay little tunes, too, and, of course, in what may be called the drawings of *animal* animals Disney is always felicitous and at his ease. The humanised animals are sometimes a little crude, but seldom has he been more tender than in his sketches of animal mother and child. There are moments here, when the kangaroo is rocking her baby to sleep, the hippos cuddling cosily at the bottom of their pool, that will compare with the woodland kindergarten in "Snow White." . . . On the whole, I should say that "Dumbo" is not one of the master's more ambitious cartoons, rather a *reprise* of the reliable tricks that made the Silly Symphonies successful.

That remarkable fellow Robert Montgomery turns up in the Christmas programme at the Regal with another of his remarkable shows, "HERE COMES MR. JORDAN." No actor on the screen, I suppose, has been instrumental in the production of odder films, or voluntarily chosen more out-of-the-way parts, than Bob Montgomery. This debonair, good-looking American is naturally a rebel. Socially and intellectually his interests are with the underprivileged, the misfits, the problem children of the world. The books, plays and pictures that attract him most are almost all concerned, in some way, with social psychology. It is ironical that he should be associated in the public mind with smart, nonchalant comedy parts, happy-go-lucky playboy heroes with less wisdom than wisecracks. His favourite rôles, the ones that he has hand-picked in the films he insisted on making, have been far from smart and nonchalant, and not at all happy.

There was the cold-blooded page-boy killer in "Night Must Fall." Montgomery saw the play in New York, gave his company no rest until they acquired the rights and cast him in it. There was the bewildered sub-moron gangster in "The Earl of Chicago," with vacant laugh and loosely-hanging lip, who finally went to his death in the Tower of London a peer of the realm, and a man for the first time. Montgomery really loved that part, fought for it through thick and thin. There was the escaped paranoiac of "Rage in Heaven," who tried to murder his wife and his best friend, and ultimately turned his keen and twisted brain to suicide, an ingenious suicide that wouldn't leave a trace. All these parts were chosen, not for sensationalism, sensational though they were, but for their medico-legal aspects, the social psychology back of them.

Messenger 7013 (EDWARD EVERETT HORTON), *with Joe Pendleton the boxer and Mr. Jordan, in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," a Columbia film described as "a brilliant and original entertainment with characters, treatment, situations and background entirely new." It is directed by Alexander Hall.*

In "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," Montgomery gets away from tragedy, but the film, although fantastic and funny, is pretty good psychology too. It was the last picture the actor made in Hollywood before coming over here as Naval Attaché to the U.S. Embassy in London. He is reported to have said that it is the best film he has ever made. Certainly he has

always wanted to make it, since the day, some years ago, when the Broadway producer, Jed Harris, showed him the script in play form. It was called "Heaven Can Wait" then, and it was never staged. When you see the film, you may guess why. "Mr. Jordan," *né* "Heaven Can Wait," is one of those rare, real cases when the camera has a pull over the living theatre.

The film flits between Heaven and Earth with the ease of an archangel. It begins with an understandable error on the part of Celestial Messenger No. 7013 (Edward Everett Horton), who sees a private aeroplane going into a tail-spin, and snatches from it the soul of a boxer, Joe Pendleton (Robert Montgomery), to save him the pain of crashing. When No. 7013 brings his prize to the airport of Heaven, however, he finds that he has exceeded his duty. Joe, it seems, according to the celestial ledger, is due to live for another fifty years. He would have survived the crash. He should have become the world's next champion heavy-weight. No. 7013 has been over-officious. Heaven admits to a grave error, and declares that Joe Pendleton's soul must forthwith be returned to his body.

Our Ambassador to the United States, Lord Halifax, recently invited **DEANNA DURBIN** *to fly over here to entertain the Forces and war workers. She was delighted with the idea, and made immediate arrangements to leave with her producer-husband, Vaughn Paul, while officials of the British Embassy in Washington busied themselves getting tickets on the Clipper usually reserved for officials.*

This is all very well, but in the meantime Joe's distraught manager, Max Corkle (James Gleason), has cremated the body. So Joe's soul, under the guidance of Boss Angel Mr. Jordan (Claude Rains), goes back to earth to find another habitation. The one they pick is the shell of a millionaire, who is currently being murdered in his bath-tub by his wife and secretary. The millionaire, in life, was a nasty bit of work, and Joe, an honest soul, finds himself with a lot of wrongs to right in his new incarnation.

With Mr. Jordan at his elbow to advise and encourage, Joe makes good the millionaire's defalcations, befriends a girl (Evelyn Keyes) whose father has been swindled by his fleshly predecessor, and convinces his old manager that the soul in the millionaire's body is really Joe's. How he has to be "murdered" again by the wife and secretary, and take on the body of another boxer before he can win the championship belt and the girl he loves, makes up the balance of the picture.

"Here Comes Mr. Jordan" is comedy, and very funny comedy, too. But it also manages to be touching and human. That is partly due to the beautiful performances of Messrs. Montgomery, Rains and Gleason, partly to the deft and natural script, and partly, I think, to the deliberate restraint of the treatment. Here, if anywhere, was a chance for the camera wizards to run wild. One might expect to find double exposure, vanishing bodies, cigarettes burning in mid-air, and all the other tricks of the "Topper" school. Actually, however, there is no attempt to fool the eye. Even the ghosts are opaque. The living characters cannot see Mr. Jordan and his minions, but the audience can. Remarkably practical officials they look, too, in a kind of celestial air-force uniform, with wings on the breast. As for friend Joe, he slips into and out of his different bodies with no apparent change at all.

"Inwardly," Mr. Jordan explains to the bewildered pug., "you haven't changed. You're still Joe Pendleton, and that's what we see. Outwardly you're Bruce Farnsworth, and that's what they [the millionaire's circle] will see." It's all quite clear and satisfactory. Mr. Jordan, as Joe rightly observes, has an alibi for everything. I should be inclined myself to put "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" high up in the ten best films of the year. Not epoch-making, like "Citizen Kane," it is nevertheless a film that will be remembered with some affection, and will take its place among significant revivals for many years to come. Like all fantasy, it is a piece with a strictly personal appeal. You may not like it at all. If you do like it, you will like it very much indeed. Whatever your verdict, you will not find it commonplace.

Not commonplace, either, is "THE RICH BRIDE," the Soviet musical comedy at the Tatler. This joyous and tuneful film will be a surprise to those who are accustomed to think of the Soviet works as unrelaxed and grim. Implemented it certainly is, a very clear and revealing sketch of agricultural Russia at work. But its prevailing mood is gay. The people seem to sing from sheer joy of heart. The music springs spontaneously, it seems, from the rhythm of life in the harvest fields. They sing because they are at work, and the work is good. Later they sing again because the work is done. "Let the boys and girls dance till dawn if they will. *The harvest is in!*" is the final exhortation of this happy picture.

The scene of "The Rich Bride" is a collective farm in the Ukraine, and the rich bride herself is no prosperous *bourgeoise*, but Marina, the ace farm-girl of the Women's Brigade. Marina (Marina Ladinina) is a small blonde, with eyes that should be light blue, a fine set of teeth that she shows often when she laughs, a rich singing voice, and a straight lock of hair that falls carelessly over one eye—not at all like Miss Veronica Lake's, but quite, quite other.

Marina is not rich in the sense that Hollywood would count riches. She wears calico frocks and a handkerchief tied round her head, her legs are bare, and her party jewels are an extra string of beads. But she is heir to a few acres and a cow. She is the best worker in the brigade, and leads the list of averages with 400 "labour days"—shares of the coming harvest based on the work she has done. She is obviously the best marriage prospect on the farm, as Kovynko (Ivan Lyubeznov), the farm's enterprising book-keeper, is quick to see. An upstanding young man with a look of Michael Redgrave and a "prop" Groucho Marx moustache, Kovynko is both the comic and the villain of the piece. It is typical of the Soviet ideology that even he, faced with the ruin of the harvest, puts in a good job of work in the end. He keeps his books commendably, stacks a corn-shock or two, and is rewarded by a presentation bicycle.

Marina, of course, is not dependent on Kovynko for romance. She has a handsome suitor of her own, Zgara, the crack tractor-driver (Boris Bezgin), an expert after her own heart. The shadow that falls between these young lovers—as a shadow must, or this would be no film—is not jealousy, or difference in rank, or parental interference, or any of the familiar hold-ups that separate most musical-comedy lovers towards the end of Act 2, but the mutual suspicion that the other is a "loafer." This shocking doubt, implanted by the scheming Kovynko, is something that no Soviet worker can hold and still wed. It's all wrong, of course, as the bumper harvest shows. But it makes for heartbreak amongst the barley: heartbreak, and some very pleasant song.

"The Rich Bride" is a simple, unpretentious film that should please you quite a lot. Its comedy is naïve, and the print has not the streamlined gloss of the average Hollywood film, but there is much in it to enjoy, even in the Western way. The Ukraine countryside is a quickening sight, with its rolling harvest-fields, its clumps of silver birch and willow, shallow, clear water, the sleek flanks of horses, clouds casting shadows on the corn, a winding track through the barley. The music is exciting, beautifully matched with the movements of the harvesters, and, though I have no knowledge of the aptness of the translations, I thought the English lyrics admirable.

The chief impression left on me by "The Rich Bride" was one of awe and respect for these realists of the U.S.S.R. It is a stern but a strong ideal that they have, in which love is reckoned by labour-days, and idleness is the worst of the seven deadly sins.

ROYAL DUCHESS—MOTHER OF AN INFANT PRINCE.

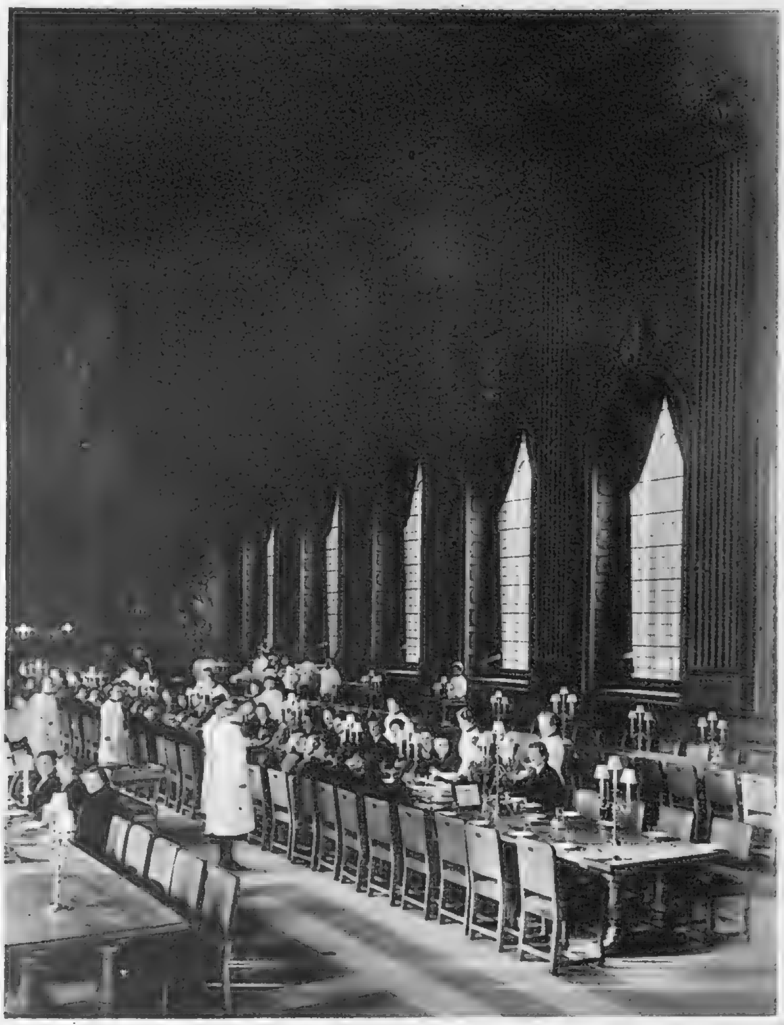
H.R.H. the DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, *wife of the elder of the King's two brothers, gave birth to a son, her first child, on Thursday, December 18. She was Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott, is a sister of the Duke of Buccleuch, and was married in 1935. Our photograph was taken by Cecil Beaton when her Royal Highness was inspecting a unit of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, in which she holds the rank of Air-Commandant. This was one of the last public engagements she fulfilled this year. The baby is fourth in direct succession to the Throne. Princess Elizabeth, the Heir Presumptive, is followed by Princess Margaret, and then by the Duke of Gloucester and his issue in the line of succession, so that the new Prince comes before the Duke of Kent and Prince Edward. The Duke of Gloucester, who has been working very hard at his military duties, obtained special leave to be at the nursing home when the baby was born.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

CAPTAIN LORD ERRINGTON'S FIANCÉE—
THE HON. ESMÉ HARMSWORTH.

Quite lately the HON. ESMÉ MARY GABRIELLE HARMSWORTH *announced her engagement to Capt. Viscount Errington, only son of the Earl and Countess of Cromer, and heir to the earldom. Miss Harmsworth is the younger daughter of Lord Rothermere, chairman of Associated Newspapers, and is nineteen years old. Her fiancé is twenty-three. They expect to be married very shortly.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARLIP.



WREN cadets on an O.C.T.U. at Greenwich have their meals served in a noble and historic hall with stately ceremony, such as few civilians enjoy to-day.

The woollen cardigan which PRIVATE HAROLD CHUCKER *is fitting on the slender figure of* MISS OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND *is all his own work. He took up knitting last year.*

The marriage of MISS LORRAINE LAWRENCE, *of Svendborg, Denmark, to* EARL POULETT *took place recently at a London Register Office.*

Right: ADMIRAL SIR JAMES SOMERVILLE, *Commanding the Cruiser Squadron, Western Mediterranean, posed for his photograph with his Siamese cat, Figaro, which always goes to sea with him and has been through many actions.*

JEAN COLIN, *principal boy of " Jack and the Beanstalk," the London Coliseum panto., spoke in support of the Westminster paper salvage drive at the Trafalgar Square meeting.*

FLORENCE DESMOND, *of " Jack and Jill," the Palace panto. due on Boxing Day, toured the streets collecting paper for the Westminster salvage drive, and begged for old songs, old letters or bills. She is just receiving a bundle.*

PEOPLE OF CHARM AND IMPORTANCE FROM MANY CIRCLES:

MRS. WANKLYN and IAN DAVID are the wife and son of Lieut.-Com. Malcolm David Wanklyn, D.S.O., R.N., who has been awarded the V.C. for outstanding valour while in command of the submarine "Upholder" off Sicily.

The marriage of CAPTAIN G. L. S. PIKE, Scots Guards, only son of Major Pike, M.C., of Cothill House, Abingdon, to MISS GABRIELLE WOODS, daughter of the Bishop of Lichfield, took place at Lichfield Cathedral.

QUORN HOUSE, famous place in the Shires, has been handed over by an anonymous donor as a rest home for London A.R.P. workers. Some of the first batch of guests are inspecting the pictures on the stairs.

Left: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT recently inspected a mobile canteen which has been presented to the Balham Invalid Kitchen by the British War Relief Society. She is here admiring the batterie de cuisine.

The engagement of the EARL OF HARRINGTON, of Elvaston Castle, Derby, son of the tenth Earl of Harrington and of Mrs. Luke Lillingston, to MISS EILEEN GREY, only daughter of the late Sir John Grey, Bt., has been announced.

THE PRINCESS DE RÉTHY, formerly Mlle. Lilian Baels, is the wife of the King of the Belgians. She is a daughter of a former Belgian Minister; and met King Leopold on the golf course before the war. She was born in London in 1916.

INCLUDING A ROYAL DUCHESS, BRIDES, AND A V.C.'S WIFE.

LIFE, SPARKLE AND FUN OF A
"GANGWAY," AT THE LOND

KIM KENDALL'S *six-foot-two-and-a-half-inch grace and beauty is one of the attractions of "Gangway."*

TOMMY TRINDER *and* ROBERTA HUBY *in "Give Me the Moonlight," a number in "The Night is Filled with Music."*

"So Deep is the Night," sung by WEBSTER BOOTH *and* ANNE ZIEGLER, *calls up crinoline time.*

BEBÉ DANIELS *and* BEN LYON *sing their new number, "You Annoy Me So," to each other in "Hi!—Gangway."*

MUSICAL SMILE":
ON PALLADIUM.

GEORGE BLACK'S new London Palladium show, "GANGWAY," is described as a "musical smile." It has the usual Palladium ingredients—just what the doctor has ordered this Christmas!—of life, sparkle, spectacle and fun, and three extremely popular stars in Bebé Daniels, Tommy Trinder and Ben Lyon. In addition Webster Booth and Anne Ziegler sing admirably, the Bredwins tumble excellently and Lamar and Rosita's dancing will have many admirers—and there's always Teddy Brown and some lovely show girls, in dresses designed by Alec Shanks, Doris Zinkeisen, Slade Lucas and Norman Hartnell.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROYE.

Right: "A Place in the Sun," one of the spectacular scenes with RONA RICCARDO *as a leading dancer.*

EDNA POWELL *has a striking fur and velvet costume with a kind of "loud-speaker" hat.*

JOAN MELVYN, *one of the loveliest show girls in the production, wears this dashing Mercury costume.*

BRITAIN'S BALLOON GIRLS IN ACTION.

These W.A.A.F.s, smart in their new battle-dress, have been learning to man Britain's barrage balloons.

Training with a sectionised winch is part of the programme of work in the Balloon Girls' school.

Practising the difficult art of handling balloon ropes: a study in concentration.

Hard at it in the wire shop: a group of W.A.A.F.s at work splicing at a Home Counties Balloon Depôt.

Learning splicing and knots in the rope shop. The diagrams of knots on the wall should be noted.

IN April last it was announced that after months of discussion it had been decided to try out women on the balloon barrage sites. The experiment was embarked on, and the "Amazon Flight," as it was called, proved a big success. By July it was learnt that several balloon sites in country areas were being operated entirely by women. It takes sixteen women—as opposed to twelve men—to man a balloon site; and the only job which men were still doing in July was to haul to and from the site the heavy hydraulic cylinders by which the balloons are filled. On this page the girls, smart in their neat battle-dress, are seen at work in the different shops and on the site itself. Each balloon-barrage girl releases a man for more active duty.

New arrivals at a Balloon School, in the initial lecture-room where the layout of a balloon site is being studied.

BLITZ NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT: "THE MORNING STAR."

"I'm the charwoman." "Really? My mother is a charwoman." *Mrs. Lane* (GLADYS HENSON) *and Wanda Baring* (AMBROSINE PHILLPOTTS).

"Shall we throw bureaucracy to the blitz? Out!". Dr. Datcher tells Sir Leo Alvers (WALTER PIERS) *what he thinks, while Brimbo* (RODDY HUGHES), *Mrs. Parrilow, Wanda, Cliff and Alison listen.*

"I must get away. . . ." Wanda breaks the silence necessary for the experiment. Alison (ANGELA BADDELEY), *Mrs. Parrilow* (ELLIOT MASON), *Wanda, Dr. Datcher* (FREDERICK LLOYD), *and Cliff Parrilow* (EMLYN WILLIAMS) *(l. to r.).*

"I never thought I'd live to punch my husband's ticket." ANGELA BADDELEY *as Alison in her uniform as a bus conductress.*

"I never saw London again until to-night.". Cliff Parrilow, the young doctor, who finds himself again during a raid; with his wife Alison.

"THE MORNING STAR," Emlyn Williams's new piece at the Globe Theatre, is a play of the *blitz* in London. Young Dr. Cliff Parrilow has made a momentous discovery, but, embittered by officialdom's obstructive attitude, he turns away from science, writes a flashy novel and takes up with a glamour girl. The terrifying and searing experiences of raid nights in London shake him back on to the rails. He himself tests his big discovery on a comrade suffering from blast, and determines to set about perfecting it. The glamour girl is discarded and his life continues to a high-minded tempo of duty. The acting is first class.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWARBRICK STUDIOS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

It is a sad commentary on the quality of life at the present day that lyrical poets should be so few. Poets we have in plenty; but they are reflective and interpretative, satirical, denunciatory or partisan, prophets first and poets second. The spontaneous flowering of a mood, essential to lyric poetry, is withheld from them, so concerned are they with discerning the direction in which humanity is moving and with speeding or checking it on its way. They are compelled to subdue their moods to a single state of mind, determined by intellectual conviction rather than poetic fancy; the artist, it has been said, is the eternal adolescent, but they have to be grown up, and putting away childish things they also put away the elasticity of spirit which goes with them.

Such lyric poets as still practise their art tend more and more to live in a world of fantasy, away from the factory or battlefield which the world has now become. Some, like Miss Edith Sitwell, have found a peculiar angle of vision, a private slant on reality, so personal and individual that they can explore its possibilities without necessarily referring to the general view, which is all the ordinary man's experience affords him. Others find inspiration in the traditional poetic material of fairy tale and nursery rhyme; and foremost among them is Mr. Walter de la Mare.

Mr. de la Mare's "Rhymes."

Though Mr. de la Mare tunes his lyre to the key of this older music—modestly he calls "Bells and Grass" a book of "rhymes"—he only borrows the spirit and general character of their tunes; he does not so much adapt as re-create. His imagery and his properties, Miss Apathy, Master Proud-Face, Little Pollie Pillikins, Sweet Peridarchus the Prince of Mouses, the Old Tailor, Ben Bailey, and so on, are, perhaps by other names, universal possessions, but the moment he calls to them they become his, and remain his till the brief spell of the poem is over. Some of the poems might have trickled off his pen, they are so easy to read; but when one starts to consider them, and reflect on the difficulty of attaining that perfect simplicity and spontaneity—if indeed it is attained and not just born—what miracles of deftness they appear. A good many of the poems Mr. de la Mare discovered in a book long since laid by and forgotten; one imagines, perhaps wrongly, that these come first in the collection. They are written as it were in the sunshine which is the traditional atmosphere of nursery rhymes and nonsense rhymes; later, sunshine gives way to the moonlight which one thinks of as Mr. de la Mare's natural element. Sometimes, too, but more rarely, the minor key brings in a note of adult emotion, and the verse, generally so informal in its rhythm, moves with a new stateliness and dignity. "The Playmate" is an instance, and a very lovely one—

> Weep no more, nor grieve, nor sigh;
> Wet and cold with tears is yet
> The saddened lustre of thine eye;
> Tears, dear, do darken it.
>
> Weep no more, thy grief hath made
> Too wild an autumn for so small
> And meek a mouth, and tears have laid
> Shadow where they fall.
>
> Weep no more; how dark a face
> In thy hair! Oh, I shall see
> How many years, this silent place
> Where I was cruel to thee!

There are no bells or grass, artificial and natural symbols of happy childhood, in this regretful elegy; nor do we find them in "All the Way" or in "Me"—the latter a curiously bald, though beautiful, meditation on the indivisibility of human personality, the ego bound by its self-chain, condemned to stare at its own likeness. And in some of the poems the cheerful jingle of the bells is replaced by the horns of elfland, blowing with a faint accent of menace—

> Annie has run to the mill dam,
> Annie is down by the weir;
> Who was it calling her name, then?
> Nobody else to hear?
> Cold the water, calm and deep
> Pretty sweet goldilocks half-asleep,
> Where the green-grey willows weep
> Annie is down by the weir.

The reader knows all about weirs and mill dams fringed with willows, their fatal associations are almost banal; yet how fresh they come before the mind's eye here, and how surely they convey the effect of uneasiness—as if a breath of danger, too slight to cause a shudder, had touched one's cheek. White or black, Mr. de la Mare's magic is never strained. It may fall short of full enchantment, it never goes beyond into the region where spells are mouthed in vain. That such poetry can still be written and not seem dated, though it has no bearing on our present problems except as an escape, is a comforting thought in these days when the spirit's worst enemy appears to be the mind of man.

Petersburg, Petrograd, Leningrad.

It is a far cry to Russia in the early years of the present century. Miss Almedingen spent her childhood in St. Petersburg; her youth in Petrograd; and the dawn of her maturity in Leningrad. It is easy to change a name, it is less easy to change a nature, and that, to some extent, is what she had to do as the Russia of the Tsars gave place to Russia at war, and Russia at war to Russia in revolution. Miss Almedingen had an English grandmother and was therefore a quarter English and the English strain was strong in her. On the Russian side she came of an old family of whom her father was the first member to take up a calling not approved by family tradition. He was unconventional in other ways, for he did not live with his wife, and I think I am right in saying that the author's first recollection of being in his presence was the day when she attended his funeral. Her mother treated the estrangement—which also entailed estrangement from more than one of her children—with dignity and silence. It meant poverty for her, comparative poverty at first, penury when the war and the revolution came; but she did not complain, nor did she try to explain to her daughter with whom, as times got worse, she lived in ever more straitened circumstances, how it was that the miserable situation had come about. The two were passionately attached to each other; to the outer world, their own world with which, owing to their situation, they could not mix quite freely, they felt compelled to maintain an attitude of pride and reserve.

"I can see you have no use for people [observed the author's chance acquaintance, Sonia]. When I was your age, I thought so, too. I imagined I could drink my soup alone, but I soon found that the world is not big enough for such lordly isolation. It always peeps round the corner.' . . . Some people will never share their soup. . . . They

[Continued overleaf.

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Ambassadors: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Marie Löhr; Phyllis Dare.

** Apollo: "OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's new play, with excellent cast.

*** Comedy: "RISE ABOVE IT," Second Edition. Burlesque revue with Hermione Baddeley; Hermione Gingold; Walter Crisham; Henry Kendall.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play.

***Haymarket: "NO TIME FOR COMEDY." Triangular comedy, with wit. Diana Wynyard; Rex Harrison; Lilli Palmer.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical; actors mix with audience in gangster background. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

**His Majesty's: "LADY BEHAVE." Glamorous speedy musical comedy. Stanley Lupino; Sally Gray.

*Lyric: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

** Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's musical smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

***Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

***Prince's: "FUN AND GAMES." Just what its name implies. Sydney Howard; Arthur Riscoe; Vera Pearce; Richard Hearne.

*Prince of Wales: "GLAMOUR SERENADE"—Gayest cavalcade.

**St. Martin's: "LOVE IN A MIST." Light comedy. Ann Todd; Richard Bird.

**Saville: "UP AND DOING." Revue. Leslie Henson; Binnie Hale; Cyril Ritchard; Stan Holloway; Carroll Gibbons and his band.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Victoria Palace: George Black's intimate rag, "BLACK VANITIES." Twice daily.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

*Windmill: Continuous revudeville.

PANTOMIMES.

Adelphi: "PETER PAN." Barbara Mullen; Zena Dare; Alastair Sim. ***Coliseum*** (Daily, 1.30 and 5.30): "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK." Jean Colin; Norman Evans. ***Palace*** (2 and 5.30): "JACK AND JILL." Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond. ***Stoll*** (Daily, 1.30 and 5.30): "BABES IN THE WOOD." Nervo and Knox; Jay Laurier.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

PLAYWRIGHT HUSBAND AND DOCTOR WIFE BY BOYER AND SULLAVAN.

Playwright André (CHARLES BOYER) *brings his bride, Dr. Jane Alexander* (MARGARET SULLAVAN), *home to his hunting-box after a whirlwind courtship.*

MARGARET SULLAVAN *as Dr. Jane Alexander, charming scientist who knows all about jealousy and love—in theory, anyway.*

André, having returned to the hunting-lodge after a "fire-fighting" escapade, is taken in over Dr. Jane's feigned concern over his health.

"APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE," Universal picture due at the Leicester Square Theatre on December 29, is the merry love-story of a lovely, serious-minded woman doctor and a frivolous, handsome playwright. They marry after a whirlwind courtship, have an interrupted honeymoon, and try to pursue their individual careers from separate apartments. The Doctor thinks she knows all the scientific answers to questions of jealousy and marital troubles . . . but finds she still has a bit to learn. The muddle is straightened out at last after Dr. Jane has been rudely shaken out of her professional calmness.

Dr. Jane Alexander just couldn't be more professional when she examines playwright André Cassil, who has fallen madly in love with her.

A flirtation by X-ray? André runs through his doctor-wife's files and finds that the case-history of her adventurer-admirer, Michael, is a very large one.

Dr. Jane Alexander visits her husband's apartment and hunts about in his desk. She gets some shocks and unexpected information.

Continued.]
hug it so jealously that they forget to drink it, and the soup gets spilled, and nobody ever refills your bowl. It is rather unpleasant to sit in front of an empty bowl. . . . I wonder if you have ever thought that people might have some use for you.

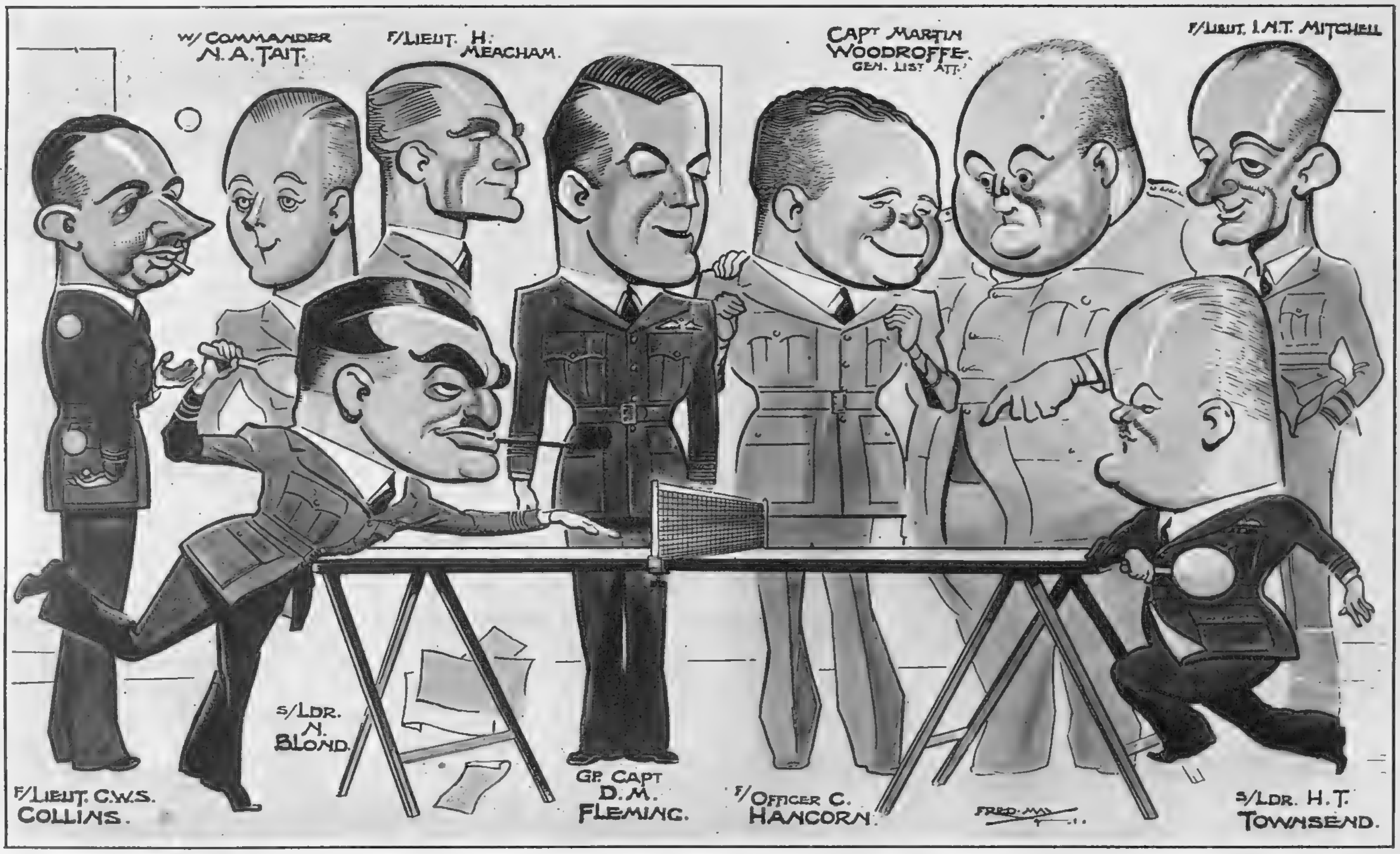
"I know they haven't."

The stranger denied this, proffered more advice, and went away, but the conversation left a mark on Miss Almedingen, and her book is, to some extent, a record of how her sense of isolation broke down beneath the contacts and contiguities that the Revolution forced on her.

The Chinese Wall. These encounters mostly occurred while she was looking for work or food or shelter. Of all shades of pleasantness and unpleasantness, they are vivid in a way that only experiences undergone during a state of acute mental or physical tension can be. Some are very brief; others, like her association with the mad landlady who believed she had a mission to poison a great number of people, lasted for weeks. "By the end of 1918, a Chinese wall came to be built between us and the outside world," and a kind of spiritual claustrophobia descended. Food was so scarce that "grass in public gardens was gathered for soups" and tattered women were seen stripping the bark off trees. Miss Almedingen's lot was lightened when the University opened its doors and received her as student and lecturer in Mediæval History (it says much for the culture-loving propensities of the new régime that this experiment in education should have lasted as long as it did); but strain and privation had told on her health. The authorities promised her a cure in the Crimea. The steps—the infinitely slow steps—by which she transformed this into a passport for Italy make a fascinating chapter in the annals of escape.

There was a strong strain of austerity in Miss Almedingen's English forbears, and "To-morrow Will Come" is an austere book. The pity, more often implied than expressed, that she feels for others is seldom extended to herself; but I have read few autobiographies in which the triumph of spirit over suffering is more triumphantly displayed.

Ireland in "the Troubles." "Two Days in Aragon" is not, as the title might suggest, an account of a flying visit to Spain, but a glimpse, or close-up, of Ireland in "the troubles"—Aragon being the name of the country house in or around which most of the action takes place. This action, let me say at once, is extremely exciting. To the thrills of the hunting-field, succeed more deadly operations between the occupying British Army and Sinn Fein; and the officers who are expected to make a set of tennis at Aragon fail to turn up. Cynthia Fox and her sister Grania, daughters of the house—the one sophisticated and cool, the other romantic and reckless—await them in vain; and meanwhile Nan, the housekeeper, who had the blood of the Foxes in her veins and cared for their house perhaps more than they did, goes out on a desperate errand. . . . Like some old serial brought up to date, the narrative, following the fate first of one character then of the other, breaks off at the moment most critical to each: one can hardly wait to turn the pages. Miss Farrell has given herself time before the fun (so to speak) begins to set the stage—the lovely house, the thick woods round it, and the garden of almost sub-tropical luxuriance—and to indicate the characters. These include, in Aunt Pigeon, the daft little old lady over whom Nan tyrannised rather cruelly, a memorable character-part, and in Foley, Nan's son, a brilliant sketch of a professional horseman who was not of the gentry but was too good at his job to be slighted by them. In the *mêlée* at the end the characterisation tends to suffer, or at any rate to be obscured. "Killer" Denny does not seem to me quite convincing, and Nan, who is in a sense the pivot of the story and by whom the palm of heroism (extended in turn to many of the characters) is most firmly grasped, is rather a mixture of heroic qualities than a living woman. But if a failure, she is a noble failure, with all the vitality and gallantry and paradoxical chivalry which give romance to the sorry dealings between Sinn Fein and their "oppressors."



As the commentators say: "Let us introduce" a discovery made by our artist during off-duty time at a ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION *commanded by Group Captain Donald Fleming—i.e., the existence of table tennis fans among our lads of the air. It keeps the eye in.* (CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.)

Pioneers. "Mo Burdekin" is a picture of pioneering Australia in the 'eighties. Dangerous and fierce in flood, the Burdekin river washed to the door of Reuben Abraham's store an infant whose mother it had just drowned, and the little Moses, as he was not unnaturally called, became his rescuer's cherished foster-son. He grew up in tough times and was toughened by them: Queensland was no place for a tender-foot. But the *auri sacra fames* which soon led him, not unsuccessfully, to the quest for gold, did not turn him into a conventional gold-digger, and his affection for Lucy, who shared his childhood and many of his adventures afterwards, kept a soft place in his heart. "Mo Burdekin" is a busy, bustling book, with a lot of colour, local and historical; like many panoramic novels it concentrates more on general effect than on niceties of characterisation.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Bells and Grass. By Walter de la Mare. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
To-morrow Will Come. By E. M. Almedingen. (*The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.*)
Two Days in Aragon. By M. J. Farrell. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)
Mo Burdekin. By Sarah Campion. (*Peter Davies; 9s.*)

The twenty-seventh of our NEW SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR BY DAVID WRIGHT *is published in this issue of "The Sketch."*

"THEY MET IN BOMBAY": CLARK GABLE AND ROSALIND RUSSELL.

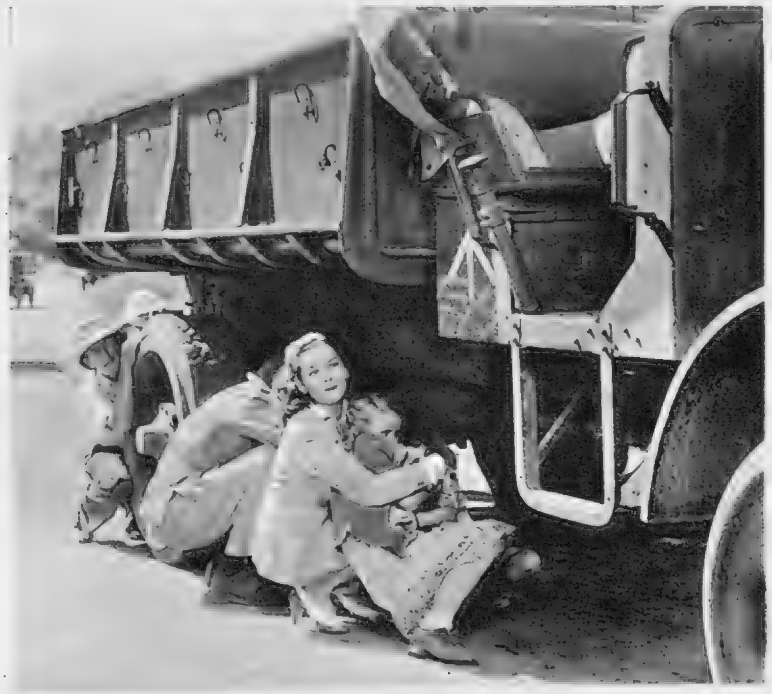
Crook Anya (ROSALIND RUSSELL) *encourages Crook Meldrick* (CLARK GABLE) *in the belief that he is a detective, who must be watched.*

The crooks fall in love: Anya and Meldrick decide to join forces in a career of crime on a large scale. Their first task is to dispose of a jewel they have stolen.

The uniform makes the hero! Meldrick, masquerading as Huston, takes on that officer's dangerous job.

CLARK GABLE *as international crook Meldrick, who impersonates a Secret Service man and carries out his mission.*

"THEY MET IN BOMBAY" was due for production at the Empire on Christmas Day. It 's a high-speed holiday entertainment, with Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell as the crooks, Meldrick and Anya, who are both after the same jewel. From rivals they become lovers and decide to join forces in crime. In Hong Kong Meldrick, for nefarious reasons, masquerades as a British officer, Huston; and finds that he is more or less forced to carry out Huston's secret mission. He does this heroically, and sees that Huston gets the credit. Meldrick and Anya come through many dangers and are eventually reunited.



Sheltering from Japanese bombs: Anya (ROSALIND RUSSELL) *protects the frightened children.*

Meldrick as the man of action during a pretty hot attack from enemy bombers.

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"— AND STAYED IN POSSESSION:

"*My feeling is that you two will be very happy*": *Sherry* (ROBERT MORLEY) *encourages June* (DAPHNE COURTNEY) *to elope with Sandy* (DAVID LAING).

"*Inside here are 10,000 cockroaches*": *Professor Metz* (SYDNEY BENSON) *presents Sheridan Whiteside with a very odd Christmas gift from his students—a community of* Periplaneta Americana, *commonly known as the American cockroach. Maggie* (CORAL BROWNE) *and Bert* (HUGH McDERMOTT) *are l. and r.*

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER," by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, is the uproariously funny farcical comedy of the radio star, critic and wit who goes out to dinner in an American small town, breaks his hip on the doorstep, and has to remain, a reluctant and most demanding guest, until he can walk.

[*Continued opposite.*

Right: Sheridan Whiteside takes up a benevolent-looking attitude for his portrait. June watches Richard (PETER DE GREEFF) *operating his camera.*

"*Sherry, I brought you a wonderful Christmas present.* *Banjo* (JERRY VERNO)

Left: "*You're Michaelson, aren't you? Butcher-shop murders. Thought I recognised you.*" *Sherry greets the guests he has invited to lunch in the Stanleys' house.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWARBRICK STUDIOS.

ROBERT MORLEY AS THE RUDEST WISE-CRACKING CHARMER.

" It 's a picture of me as I used to be. . ." : Harriet (EDIE MARTIN) *gives Sherry a very special Christmas present, not to be opened until the stroke of midnight.*

" Cherishing, perishing, up the stairs I climb " : Beverley Carlton (EDWARD COOPER) *warbles his latest composition to Maggie Cutler and Sherry.*

This brassière was once worn by Hedy Lamarr." produces his offering.

Continued.]
Sheridan Whiteside, " Sherry " to his countless friends, can be a charmer. He is also a colossal egoist and his gift for rudeness rivals Dr. Johnson at his worst. He commits every enormity when a broken hip keeps him in the Stanleys' house ; and his fantastic tantrums and malicious jokes provide uproarious fun for the audience.

Left : " The same message to Lady Astor, Lord Beaverbrook, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Godfrey Winn." Lorraine (MARY ALICE COLLINS) *announces her engagement by cable. Sherry, and Maggie, the organiser of the practical joke, listen.*

Right : " Miss Preen ! Miss Preen ! I want Miss Preen back ; but, Stanley, I'm suing you for three hundred and fifty dollars." Sheridan Whiteside breaks his hip for the second time.

ROMANCE.*

By MARGARET A. WATSON.

THEY met in the library. From the first moment he felt that it was meant to be. He was such an impressionable young man, and beauty moved him to an ecstasy. Certainly she was beautiful. No one could deny it. Her sleek head, her velvet eyes, slanting a little, and the surprising, ridiculous lashes—so black, and so long, like a silk fringe—enchanting! He liked the proud way she carried her head—aware, and yet aloof. It immediately made him want to attract her attention. It was too bad of fate. Here he was—sober, full of the best intentions—wasn't it proof enough that he stood by the dusty shelves of sagging-backed reference books, whose gold lettering and whose "golden age" had suffered the same eclipse? Not for him the shiny, smart novels crowding on the heels of their Sunday reviews. No, indeed! For him the hidden glories beyond price, to be bought only in the coinage of the brain.

So far he had managed his life very nicely, with the ratio of "filthy lucre" decidedly in favour of the purer riches of the mind. He had the balance of his desires nicely calculated so as not to disturb its counterpart at the bank. He had *very* definite ideas for such a young—for such a *charmingly* young man. And now—suddenly—here was temptation, catching him unawares, hitting him below the belt, when he was least prepared. She was so very much alive. Not restless—no, she was admirably still, but *life* moved in her. She turned her head ever so slightly and it was a rhythmic poem. Their eyes met. Hers spoke far more fluently than words. He wondered whether she read in his the quick interest reflected in her own. It was obvious that she saw him, liked him, and recognised a kindred spirit. That was enough for the moment. But only for the moment. He became aware instantly of all the "moments" beyond. They stretched in a linked chain of emptiness into the future. Before that first link he had been content to be alone—after it, he saw himself as "lonely," and contentment was torn from him. He couldn't take his eyes off her, and temptation, even so slightly fed, became at once alarmingly full-blown. The longer he looked the more he wanted her. To have her sitting opposite him on winter evenings with the red glow of fire between, throwing up the red lights in her soft hair. To walk with her in may-garlanded country lanes—silently aware of each other, without need of words. He wanted to possess her, to know that she was his entirely.

Common sense warned him—it was absurd—he couldn't afford it. She would be an expensive companion. Her beauty justified it, but his bank-balance did not. She was almost certainly used to luxurious surroundings—and his bachelor flat! . . . Besides, he was going too fast—altogether too fast. He was taking it for granted that she would—that she *could* be his. It was ridiculous. Almost certainly there was "someone else." And what inducement had he to offer? He looked round, expecting perhaps to see his rival then and there, and to do primitive battle for her on the spot. No—she was alone. He glanced without enthusiasm now at the shelves. He no longer wanted the dusty volumes. They were dead. He was lonely, he wanted live friends, warm and sociable. It was at that moment that the girl at the desk noticed him. She watched for him daily, with a feverish vigilance that gave point to days that would otherwise have been dull. Sometimes the point was unpleasantly sharp and hurt her, but she hugged it to her heart for all that, and she did not grudge a single one of the tears which nightly took the starch out of her pillow-slips. When he did not come, it was torture—when he did come, it was also torture—the two were so exquisitely refined that there was no choosing between them.

Hope is a strange phenomenon. It lives on, and thrives on lack of nourishment. It feeds happily on its own appetite. But to-day—surely he might reasonably be expected? Ten days since his last visit—and in ten days the slowest reader must have devoured from cover to cover and back again the thin book he had taken with him. That was the worst of him. Other people "fetched" on one day of the week, and "changed" on another, with a three- or four-day interval, unless, of course, they were "disappointed," or it was ". . . not quite—with young daughters in the house!" Some of them were friendly, too, and after the weather would have a "literary" chat. She liked "advising," liked discussing the "ever-so-nice" story she had recommended. *He* was different. Chose his own books—not real "reading" either—more like lesson-books, and the bindings were filthy—oh, well! . . .

She peered into the reference corner. Yes—there he was—thin and dark and romantic. If he could have guessed the sentiments that the mere sight of him aroused, it would have driven him to cancel his subscription for a year. She had such a large, unoccupied heart. . . . *So* polite he was when he came up with his books—so pale—so hungry-looking. As always, she tried mentally to separate him from the dry dust of the reference shelves. She endowed him (with some difficulty) with a variety of private lives, which would have brought a blush to his pale cheek. Was there a girl? And, if so, what was she like? She stood up to peer closer. Sometimes there was an opening for conversation, a missing book, or one to be ordered. She hoped tenaciously. He had his back to the reference shelves—if he 'd only take more interest in the "New Novels." . . . She moved from behind the desk—and saw them—the two of them! . . . He had his hand out, almost touching the red hair.

The girl at the desk fought a swift battle. He was so charming—she wished him so well—she had no bitterness that his attention was not for her. She would have joyfully sacrificed almost everything to add the merest fraction to his happiness, but she had a stern, a Puritan sense of duty—and that duty belonged to the library manager. The price of it lay in a Friday-night envelope; but really the loyalty was thrown in free. The battle was not an easy one. It was the inclination of the heart, in conflict with the voice of conscience. Conscience won. She bore down upon them, grimly accusing. She cleared her throat. She wanted to give him time. He looked up, startled. He smiled—shamelessly, completely unembarrassed. She had not expected this, and the nicely fashioned sentences she had prepared fled from her. Her voice sounded unpleasantly hard and narrow when she said: "Not in here!" It was quite the last thing she had meant to say, and it surprised her more than him. He looked at her questioningly. He was naïve—an outspoken youngster. He drew her aside. The impudence of it! . . . The gesture (familiar enough to her dreams), which might have meant so much, invited her co-operation in his flagrancy. The girl at the desk was also susceptible to beauty. It complicated her problem. She kept her eyes averted—so much slim elegance—oh, dear! Her heart excused while her conscience accused him.

"You know," he said, "I don't even really know her—I only wish I did." (What did he want her to do? To give him, perhaps, the right introductions? It was very wrong of him.) He smiled again, and the girl at the desk thought that his smile made him look too beautiful to be good. Her voice became several degrees harder.

"Haven't you seen what 's in the window?"

"No." . . .

"Look as you go out," she said briefly.

The young man went out quickly, and *she* followed him. Outside the door she turned away her lovely head as though scorning him, and hurried gracefully towards a car waiting at the kerb.

"Oh, *there* she is," said a man's voice impatiently—a masterful voice. "For goodness' sake get in." He opened the door. Unabashed, she took her seat beside him, and they drove off.

The young man sighed, and yet he was strangely relieved. He had not resisted temptation. It had been removed from him. He turned to the library window, and saw at once what he had not noticed before. A white slip of pasteboard was propped against a pile of books. He read what was written on it.

"Dogs not allowed," it said.

"Oh, well—that was just how it was—he was over it now—there was no place anyway for a red setter in a one-roomed flat. He went back quickly into the library to choose his reference book.

THE END.

By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

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"BLACK & WHITE"

It's the Scotch!

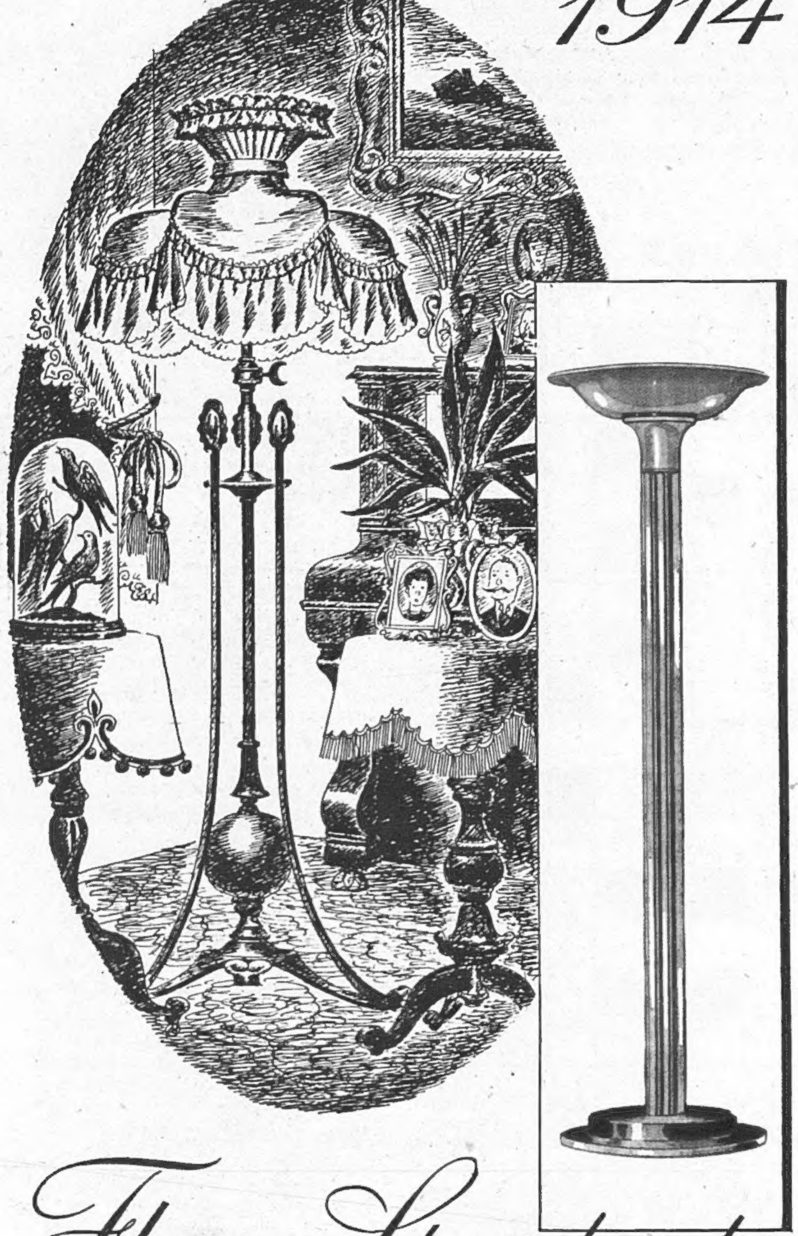
WOMEN IN WARTIME

SLIP-ON FROCKS IN LAMÉ AND CRÊPE WRAPPERS AND MULES

THERE has come into being a new type of dress which is called the "slip-on." It is robbed of all complicated fastenings and may be adjusted in the fraction of a second. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are making a feature of these, one of which is pictured above. It is carried out in a soft blue crêpe embroidered with golden sequins. A folded belt draws attention to the waist; the sleeves are practical, and so is the skirt, which may be shortened if desired. Another strong point in its favour is that packing has no deleterious effect on it. There are also dresses of this persuasion made of lamé, the colourings of which are extremely cheerful. Great care has been taken to emphasise the good points of the silhouette and to camouflage the less attractive. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the very best value possible is ever obtainable for coupons, the quality and workmanship being of exalted merit.

IT is not often that maternity frocks are associated with the name of Fortnum and Mason, nevertheless they are very successful in the creation of the same. They have designed and carried out the model on the right; it is of a soft warm woollen material, the shade being a rich purple. The bretelles and narrow sash are of velvet of a deeper shade, the scheme being completed with white collar and cuffs. This may likewise be called a fireside dress and, of course, some of the fullness can be eliminated from the skirt portion. It is in the lingerie department that this dress has gone into residence, where it is companioned by an infinite variety of quilted and other warm dressing wrappers. Again, there are a host of possibilities to explore in the domain of breakfast jackets; they are perfect gifts for convalescents. Then there are mules and other bedroom slippers which are so decorative and at the same time useful.

Standard Lamp... 1914



Floor Standard... ...today

THE contrast between the elaborate silk covered lamp standard of 1914, and its modern elegant counterpart symbolises the rapid and continuous progress always being made in the electrical industry. Science did not stand still in 1914 and to-day the G.E.C. is keeping abreast of developments and improvements that will result in better electrical equipment for the home when this war is over.

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my work? *May I choose my own work?.. Would I be allowed to change my job if I didn't like it?.. Can I do my present work in the A.T.S.?.. Are there training courses for beginners?.. Can I be taught to drive?*

my life? *Can I ever change out of Uniform?.. Will I live in billets or camp?.. Must I alter my hair style?.. Do I get an allowance for dependants?.. Have I to give up the marriage allowance?.. What pay will I get?.. Is my husband right if he objects to my joining?.. Is there a lot of drill?*

After the war? *Will any of the training be useful to me afterwards?.. Can I learn shorthand and typewriting, for instance?.. What training courses are there?.. Are they given by experts?*

The Army is one man short until you join the A.T.S.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"AND a Prosperous one to you," the broker cordially replied. "Hard to see your way, of course, but I know of no particular reason why the House should not have a good year."

"Delightfully indefinite," Our Stroller eulogised. "Excusable by reason of the season——"

"Droppin' into poetry, Mr. Boffin ? But nobody can help feeling a shade more cheerful at this time of the year. Now can they ?"

"I don't see why they should. Not but what you 're quite right. I feel that way myself: sort of idea that I 'd rather be a bull than a bear."

"What would you like to buy ?" asked the broker, nothing if not practical.

"What do you suggest ? You ought to know better than I do. You hear the latest news and rumours, and you can always tell when a market is good and when it isn't."

"We hear too many rumours, by far. Even when you don't believe them, they are liable to affect your judgment."

"And when a market looks dull, you think it will go lower, and you keep out of it."

"That might be the time to step in," said Our Stroller.

"The outsider grasps that, and he doesn't care whether the price goes back a few pence if he believes in the things. So he is much more likely to help himself than I am, for instance."

"What do you suggest now ?" Our Stroller repeated. "It 's the New Year, and we feel more hopeful, and the January dividends bring in a spot of cash, and——"

"There are Defence Bonds, and National War, and Savings Certificates. Mustn't forget them," remarked the partner.

"We 're not likely to do that, Sir. I 'll bet that you are just as set as the next man is on pressing down the financial accelerator——"

"So as to increase the speed of winning the war, eh ? That's the New Year spirit !"

"If he wants to buy a few bits and pieces in our markets, what are we that we should put him off ?" said the broker. "Have you any fancy yourself ?" he asked Our Stroller. "No ? Well, do you want to take a present-day or a post-war view ?"

"Why not both ? Maybe that 's too easy, Professor ? Going into the Stock Exchange, are you ?"

The broker nodded, and they ran up the steps of the main entrance in Throgmorton Street. Somehow or other, the men got parted. Our Stroller found himself in the Deep Level Market.

"We 're not too bad here," a jobber volunteered, "but there 's not a ha'p'orth of trade. Can't wonder at it, I suppose, with things as they are."

"How about the New Year spirit ?" asked Our Stroller.

"Haven't tasted any yet. It 's rather early, isn't it ?" He glanced at the clock in the Kaffir Market; again a minute or two ahead of the other clocks round the House.

"I mean," Our Stroller elaborated, "how about the optimistic spirit that generally accompanies the New Year ?"

"Oh, that ? They get it more at the other end of the House. We are less sentimental in the mining markets, you know. And the Cape has been doing this morning."

"I 've been told that South Africa is overflowing with money, and most of the South African industrial companies are doing well."

"Sure thing, as our latest Allies say. And I wouldn't mind betting that the man who buys Kaffirs to-day——"

"Which kind of Kaffirs ?"

"You might choose Nigel; or, perhaps better still, Sub-Nigel. New State Areas, East Dagga, Springs, Van Dyk——"

"Whacking the same old donkey ?" said a broker who had stopped to listen.

"That 's the idea, Sir. Will you take a ticket in the Kaffir raffle ? If you don't draw a prize within a month, you will certainly get one in less than a year."

"You guarantee that ?"

"And who guarantees the guarantor ?" The speaker ducked his head just in time to miss the swift reply.

"Come on," Our Stroller said to himself. "You 'll get hurt if you stay here." He lingered, however, to study a list of shares in aircraft companies.

"They ought to make a good purchase on post-war prospects," remarked another man, looking at the same list. "Pay well on the money now, and the developments of air transport after the war are illimitable."

"It seems to me," a second speaker said, "that you 've either to put up with four to four-and-a-half per cent. from safe stocks——"

"Banking shares, insurance, electricity supply, front-rank industrials, and so forth; or else you must take risks with shipping shares, aircraft, dog-racing, the smaller engineering concerns, and the like, where you can get eight to twelve per cent."

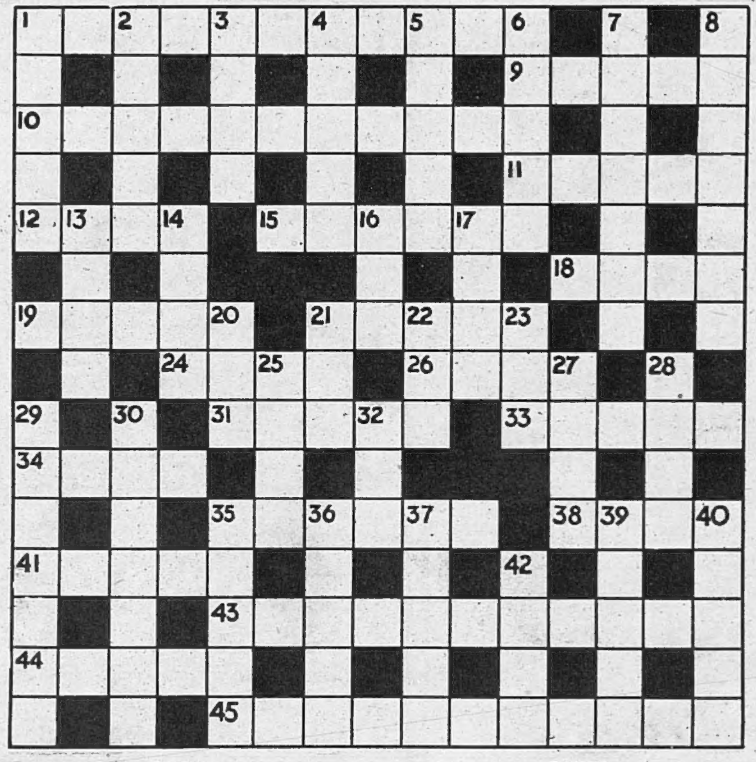
"How about Breweries ? There 's a wide range of yield in that market. The prices have plenty of scope for a rise during the New Year. And the companies are mainly British, which to my mind is a recommendation."

"You 're right there, Old Son. Maybe I 've had bad luck, but if only I had stuck to British securities in Nineteen Forty-One — National War Bonds, Defence Threes, and that kind of thing—I would be better off to-day than I am."

"So, I suppose," Our Stroller soliloquised, "that the best purchase for the New Year is something which will help to shorten the war. Well, well. We must see what we can do. I wonder whether the Missis has got anything in the bank ?"

Wednesday, December 24, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Could one expect such a curse from a lady ? (11).
9. Matter of no little interest (5).
10. Is this board-ship game played on a collier ? (11).
11. Made a present of fifty for the chairman to do what he liked with (5).
12. Hundreds present ? No, half, I should say (4).
15. Stick fast in this place (6).
18. Bit of a wrench, this (4).
19. So obvious when you guess it (5).
21. Novel an American considers to be cheeky (5).
24. You 'll find him in Germany (4).
26. Dish provided by twelve aldermen (4).
31. Concise and mostly Irish (5).
33. Constant communication, in a sense (5).
34. Not a pleasant smell (4).
35. Nearly all sharpeners, but sharpers are not (6).
38. Bitter sweet (4).
41. Ingenious contrivance (5).
43. Between hours of business (two words; 7 and 4).
44. Objet d'art that requires us to be inquisitive (5).
45. Are they *really* ever prosecuted ? (11).

DOWN.

1. There 's no man can touch him (5).
2. It 's *one* name, by George ! (5).
3. You can read this document from finish to start (4).
4. Vehicle in a signal box (5).
5. Order I read another way (5).
6. Silent elbow work (5).
7. You 'd expect the voice of a crochety old thing to be full of them (7).
8. An awful blow (7).
13. She 's a compound of the masculine Spanish and the feminine French (4).
14. This king is showing off (4).
16. At the end of one's tether (3).
17. Quite an ordinary get-up (4).
20. A pest in moderation (3).
21. In first (3).
22. First mate (3).
23. Crown property ? (3).
25. So cold there 's nothing like it (4).
27. Not found though you may find lots there (4).
28. Mark left (4).
29. Is this effect what an elbow is for ? (7).
30. Greenery (7).
32. Order to view (3).
35. They never kept this slave in order in a Greek hotel (5).
36. Disturber of the peace (5).
37. It 's for the buyer, not the packer to do this (5).
39. And kicking (5).
40. Head-rests ? (5).
42. Vegetable result of cutting up monkeys (4).

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, DECEMBER 17.

ACROSS.—2. Democracy. 11. Clearer. 12. Enraged. 13. Belong. 14. Inured. 15. Eddy. 16. Need. 17. Pop. 19. Pad. 21. Enid. 23. Impel. 27. Fume. 28. Ceuta. 30. Poser. 32. Unconditionally. 33. Odeon. 34. Skate. 35. Loves. 36. Forge. 38. Adorest. 40. Luff. 41. Ape. 42. Mislay. 44. Sherds. 46. Abbeys. 47. Admits. 48. Short.

DOWN.—1. Albion. 2. Dale. 3. Erode. 4. Mend. 5. Orgy. 6. Rein. 7. Anne. 8. Cruel. 9. Yard. 10. Bedlam. 17. Peruvian. 18. Piccolo. 19. Purler. 20. Deny self. 22. Deodorised. 23. It does. 24. Mainstay. 25. Epistles. 26. Look. 27. Feat of arms. 29. Unevenly. 31. Snaffled. 37. Grist. 39. Dumb. 43. Ass. 45. Hat.

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PERSONAL – BY AIR

Dear Mr. Gerald:

I take up my pen in good time in order to send you Best Wishes on the occasion of your Birthday which should reach you five weeks from today. All at the Hall are well except old Mr. Macgregor who sustained a slight flesh wound near his asparagus beds by a bow and arrow discharged by a young evacuee. This evacuee is one of the ones stopping at the Lodge, and Mr. Macgregor had made him the bow and arrow himself, so he cannot complain. The silver is put away for the duration, but I take it out periodically and give it a careful clean. Last year we lifted a fine lot of potatoes from what used to be the Clock Golf Lawn. I am also looking after the cellar to the best of my ability. In particular, I have made a point of laying in a case of Rose's Lime Juice against your return. Like many good things, Rose's is hard to obtain in England these days. Still, there will be ample Rose's Lime Juice after the war, when all headaches and hangovers will be where they belong — on the other side of the Rhine.

In anticipation of that day, I sign myself, in haste.

Yours respectfully, Albert Hawkins
(Sergt., Home Guard).

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